

Printed by Dunn & Eiter for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

**TERMS.**—Subscriptions for one year, \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, \$1 50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publishers. All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Native American. Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

## NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

*Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.*

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens, and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other in order to preserve our institutions pure and unimpaired we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native-born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid alliance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, a cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Being, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native-born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government—and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization laws by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws: the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political organ; and to be national, we must cherish the Native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we are solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the American should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached a critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores—when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight with this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of these wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion; and her character as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

## ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

**First.** We bind ourselves to operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States, to procure a repeal of the naturalization laws.

**Second.** We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

**Third.** That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong, who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

**Fourth.** That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country; nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

**Fifth.** That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

**Sixth.** That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

**Seventh.** That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

**Eighth.** That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

**Ninth.** That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

**Tenth.** That the President, or, in his absence the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

**NOTICE.**—Native American Cause, and "The Native American" Newspaper.—The Native American Association in this City, has been in existence nearly three years, and among its members upwards of eleven hundred out of fourteen hundred of the Native citizens of the place.

Its objects are—  
To Repeal the Laws of Naturalization; and  
The establishment of a National Character, and the perpetuity of our Institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

A paper, called "The Native American," was commenced a few days after the organization of the Society, and has already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places, our doctrines have found ardent and able friends—but to accomplish our patriotic ends, so that we may rely upon ourselves for the blessings of peace, and in the perils of war, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly separate the birthrights of our own People from the indiscriminate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the Old World.

We therefore invite our Countrymen throughout the Union, to form similar Associations, and to memorialize Congress for a Repeal of the Laws of Naturalization.

Our newspaper is published weekly, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance.

We are of no party in Politics or Religion, but embrace men of all creeds and faiths.

Our motto is—Our Country, always right; but right or wrong, our Country.

As every man in the Union who loves the land of his birth is interested in the principles we advocate, we hope each one will voluntarily put forth his hand to help our honest labors, and occasionally cheer us with the cry of "God speed the cause."

For papers of all parties throughout the country are requested to give this notice a few insertions, and persons desirous of becoming subscribers, correspondents, or contributors to the paper, are requested to address JAMES C. DUNN.

By order of the President and Council.

T. D. JONES.

Secretary of the Nat. Amer. Association of the U. S.

Washington City, Feb. 12, 1840.

## POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

### THE BRIDE.

BY CHARLES JEFFREY.

Oh take her, but be faithful still,  
And may the bridal vow  
Be sacred held in after years,  
And warmly breathed as now.  
Remember, 'tis no common tie  
That binds her youthful heart;  
'Tis one that only truth should weave,  
And only falsehood part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,  
The home of riper years,  
The treasured scenes of early youth,  
In sunshine and in tears;  
The purest hopes her bosom knew  
When her young heart was free—  
All these and more she now resigns,  
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,  
In good and ill to share—  
And well I know 'twill be her pride  
To soothe each sorrow thou  
Then take her, and may floating time  
Mark only joy's increase,  
And may your days glide calmly on,  
In happiness and peace.

[A correspondent sends us some severe strictures upon a practice, which he alleges many young ladies have acquired, of using, what in deference to them we shall call only "idle words."—We may not publish his remarks. An ancient law-giver would not provide a punishment for parricide—rejecting, as he did, the possibility of the offence. We hope our correspondent has been mistaken. We see no objection, however, to publish the lines which he sends us—which, whether original or selected, are beautiful:—]—*Alex. Gaz.*

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed,  
With deep impassioned tone—  
But not in humble prayer she named  
The high and holy One!

'Twas not upon the bended knee,  
With soul upraised to heaven,  
Pleading with heartfelt agony  
That she might be forgiven

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise  
To the great source of good  
Her daily offering of praise  
Her song of gratitude.

But, in the gay and thoughtless crowd,  
And in the festive hall,  
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,  
She named the Lord of all.

She called upon that awful name  
When laughter's loudest ring—  
Or when the flash of triumph came—  
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest things that flattery knew,  
The most unmeaning jest,  
From those sweet lips profanely drew  
Names of the Holiest!

I thought—how sweet that voice would be,  
Breathing this prayer to heaven—  
'My God, I worship only thee,  
O be my sins forgiven!"

### THE LONELY HEART.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Go forth among the merry throng  
And mark the sunny eye,  
Then listen, 'midst the swells of song,  
For one murmur a sigh.

Look on the rose encircled brow,  
Pierce thro' its masking art,  
And learn of her who revels ho  
To bear a lonely heart.

Go take the wanderer's hand in thine,  
Who stands apart from all,  
Within whose eye pale waters shine,  
And dry them ere they fall.

Mark the deep flush that stains his cheek,  
The quick unconscious start,  
Ask not the cause, pride is too weak  
To veil a lonely heart.

Go where the couch of pain is spread,  
Where the dark wings of death  
Hover above the aching head,  
To bear away the breath.

Mark that dull eye, how oft it turns,  
How oft the pale lips part,  
For one long hoarded hope, how years  
That dying, lonely heart.

Yes—thou may'st see it thro' the gleam  
That lights up beauty's eye,  
And in the wanderer's home brought dream  
Beneath a stranger's sky.

And by the couch of pain, when earth  
Claims back its kindred part,  
Few, few are those of mortal birth,  
But know the lonely heart.

The following quaint description of a dandy is taken from an old work published in London, in 1657:

"He is counted as a wild creature; no wild colt, wild ostrich, wild cat or the mountain, comparable to him; his mind is wholly set upon cuts and slashes, knots and roses, patchings and pinkings, jaggings, taggings, borderings, brimmings, half-shirts, half-arms, yawning breasts, gapping knees, mathematical waists and logical sides."

**A Fine Bundle of Fellows.**—The following is a copy of a toast given at a celebration of the 4th ult. at Madison, Ia.

**The Independent Order of Odd Fellows.**—We know them to be good fellows; we see they are happy fellows; we hope they may live to be old fellows; that their sweethearts may prove them to be gallant fellows; their wives faithful fellows; and may all their sons be patriotic fellows.

**Leap Year.**—The following is extracted from an old volume printed in 1606, entitled Courtship, Love, and Matrimony:—"Albeit it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do either by words or looks, as unto them it seemeth proper: and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumacy."

## MISCELLANY.

From the Newburyport Watchtower.

### CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and the never ending toils of the wife, whose burden and duties, and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and, as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have wives, especially young wives—exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them—and expounding to them, seen recently a great many things said in the papers too in none of the kindest terms, of the duty and offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now we believe that wives as a whole are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some papable coldness or shortcoming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had opportunity of observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who by customs of society have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest then, against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it, that they must—most of them—have been written by some fussy bachelors, who knew no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserved to be old bachelors to the end of their lives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings, they are so often represented? Men sometimes declare that their wife's extravagance have picked their pockets, that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and the gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life, on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage, will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always as particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice, based, probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home, she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fireside, cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and to lighten the burdens that might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices, of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife—left her home for yours—burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other bond than your affection—left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad, that you only come at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased? Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful day? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was

it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to make happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help, you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. But forget not that your wife is more than a housekeeper. She is *your wife*, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Constellation.

### THE OLD BACHELOR'S REGISTER.

At sixteen years, incipient palpitations are manifested toward the young ladies.

17. Blushing and confusion occur in conversing with them.

18. Confidence in conversing with them is much increased.

19. Is angry, if treated by them as a boy.

20. Betrays great consciousness of his own charms and manliness.

21. A looking-glass becomes indispensable in his room.

22. Insufferable puppyism exhibited.

23. Thinks no woman good enough for him.

24. Is caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

25. The connexion broken off, from self conceit on his part.

26. Conducts himself with airs of superiority toward her.

27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.

28. Is mortified and frantic at being refused.

29. Rails against the fair sex in general.

30. Seems morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.

31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.

32. Begins to consider personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.

33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.

34. Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.

35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.

36. *Au dernier desespoir*, another refusal.

37. Indulges now in every kind of dissipation.

38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.

39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.

40. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.

41. A nice young widow perplexes him.

42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

43. Interest prevails which causes much cautious reflection.

44. The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.

45. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

47. Fears what may become of him, when old and infirm.

48. Thinks living alone irksome.

49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.

50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

51. Much pleased with his new house keeper as nurse.

52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.

54. Is in great distress how to act.

55. Is completely under her influence, and very miserable.

56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her.

57. She refuses to live any longer with him.

SOLO.

58. Gouty, nervous and bilious, to excess.

59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside and intends expelling her.

60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit.

**THE AGE OF MARVELS.**—This is indeed an age of marvels. Art rivals nature in the production of phenomena, until it has come to be the case that "we are nothing if not" constantly in a state of high excitement over some wonderful discovery or invention. How true soever the adage may, for ages past have been, that "the age of miracles have ceased," these latter times disclose the return of those "*saturnia regna*" when every thing is colored with the wonderful, and a dash of the marvelous is intermixed with every occurrence. There are many more wonderful things happening now-a-days than any and all that occurred in that by gone age of the proverb. The Sphinx, that queer beast who propounded riddles, and who sacrificed her life upon the solution of her enigma, about the animal that goes on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in evening, would now be laughed to scorn, if this were a fair specimen of her power to puzzle. The oracles of Dodona, which were diligently consulted, and were faithfully relied on by the ancients, were always so uttered as to suit the event. Yet modern wise ones find no difficulty in exposing the

shallowness of these deceptions, and boast how much wiser they are than their ancestors.

Thus the philosophy of Plato has come to be considered as nothing in comparison with Phrenology; Socrates is remembered as little or no better than a silly suicide; and the classic shades of the Academe are, in our modern estimation, set down as about upon a par with the equally famous "groves of Blarney." We are, indeed, a prodigiously clever and self-sufficient generation. We have invented steamboats, cotton-gins, railroads, gas-lights, Napier presses and Daguerreotypes. We are Phrenologists, Animal Magneticians, and Homoeopaths. We travel forty miles an hour on land, and think nothing of a few hundred of our nearest neighbors, particular friends, and family relations being blown up, or burnt up, on the water. We begin to believe boldly in balloons, and are doubtless all ready as soon as the times improve a little to enter a joint stock company "to raise the wind" in this new mode of loco-motion.

So rapid is our advance towards the "perfection of all things," that we are fast giving over attending to the minor and unimportant considerations of punishing crimes and correcting abuses; trusting rather to the marvelous "go-ahead" spirit of the age, which must hereafter, as it has heretofore done, take such excellent care of our interests. For is it not universally admitted that we are the freest, sovereignest, and most independent and glorious nation upon earth? Can we not dive deeper, stay longer under, and come up drier than any other people on the face of the terrestrial globe? Why should we not, then, have things all our own way, and love, act, and believe as many and as monstrous marvels as we please?

For our parts, we give in. We have reached the "nil admirari," and disbelieve nothing. The time has been when we took counsel of doubt; but we cannot resist the tendencies of the age in which we live. "*Credat Judeus Appella, et ego*" is herefrom our motto. We henceforth with Judean Appella, believe what he may!

N. B. These excogitations have arisen from the announcement of a friend to us, this morning, that a new locomotive power had just been discovered,—of undoubted practicability—which acts upon the object to be moved without contact therewith, and at the distance of seven miles! We firmly believe it, and will hereafter inform our readers of the particulars.—*N. Y. Star.*

## SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

Cincinnati! What is there in the atmosphere of Cincinnati that has so thoroughly awakened the arts of Sculpture and Painting? It cannot surely be mere accident which gives birth to so many artists, all of distinguished merit too, and what must be quite as gratifying to that city—all possessing high moral worth.

It would be quite honor enough for any place to claim one eminent sculptor or painter, but that favored spot has sent forth a number. Power is actually astonishing all Europe; Clevenger is preparing himself for Florence, where he will receive his share of admiration; and Brackett, who is now in New York, is steadily working his way to favor. As soon as circumstances will permit, he also will go to Italy.

The greatest difficulty with sculptors is to embody expression, particularly when it is a mixed one; Brackett has been eminently successful in this way, and it is that which has brought him so immediately before the public. The very second bust which he made in this city is a study for an artist. The likeness is excellent and the expression beautiful; it combines gentleness, benignity and benevolence, all characteristic of the man. He has been equally successful in the likeness of Mr. C. F. Grim, Mr. Rufus Dawes, Mr. Grimes, the phrenological lecturer, and recently in that of a gentleman whose name I dare not mention lest he might take offence, for he

"Put out his hand, and art, which drooped her head,  
Received new life and round a lustre shed."

Would to Heaven that this generous, fostering spirit dwelt more frequently with the rich; we should then more than rival Rome and Greece in their best days.

Powell, as a painter, is winning golden opinions amongst us—he, too, is modestly and silently working his way to Italy. His portraits are excellent likenesses and very spirited, and his improvement in the art is very apparent. This young artist is blest with all the requisites which insure success, for independently of his skill, he is gentle and refined in his manners and dispositions—so that truly, Cincinnati may say that moral and intellectual excellence have been most happily combined, in all the artists which have sprung from her soil.

But is this talent exclusively confined to men—in painting, at least, there is a beginning. In the Apollo Gallery there are specimens of all the Cincinnati artists, and among the miniatures there is an exquisite little picture, painted on ivory and set in gold as a breastpin. It is painted by a lady living in Cincinnati, who has executed a number of these beautiful little keepsakes, all destined for ornaments. This one now in the gallery is a bouquet of flowers, but so minute and delicate, and so true to nature, that our attention is immediately riveted to it—it rivals the finest mosaic.—*N. Y. Star.*

Washington once called upon an elderly lady whose little grand-daughter, at the close of the call, waited on him to the door, and opened it to let him out.—The General, with his customary urbanity, thanked her, and laying his hand gently upon her head, said, "My dear, I wish you a better office." "Yes, sir—to let you in," was the prompt and beautiful reply.